

## "THE MENTAL OUTFIT OF THE NEW DOMINION."

(From the Montreal Gazette, Nov. 5th, 1867.)

The third fortnightly meeting of the lecture season at the Literary Club took place Monday evening (Nov. 4th.) More than ordinary interest was excited by the fact that the paper to be read was by the Hon. T. D. McGee. His subject was "The Mental Outfit of the New Dominion," and a topic more interesting to the literary public, or appropriate to the present time could hardly have been selected by the lecturer.

The chair was taken at 8 o'clock by the President of the club, the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, who introduced the lecturer to the audience in a few well-chosen words. At the close the Rev. Dr. Balch pronounced a high eulogium upon the paper, and moved, seconded by Mr. Murray, that the thanks of the club be tendered to the lecturer for his able and eloquent address. The President brought the meeting to a close with the announcement that the next paper at the club would be read by Mr. Billings on the subject of "Reason and Instinct."

The following is Mr. McGee's address:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I propose to offer the Club a short paper, on "The Mental Outfit of the New Dominion."

Concerning the physical resources of the united Provinces—their military and maritime interests—the changes and improvements in their means of intercourse—their most urgent necessities in the way of legislation: of all these there will be occasions enough to speak elsewhere. For the present subject, the present time would seem most suitable, and this Club the natural audience, to which to address whatever is to be said. It is true some mere politician may say, "let us look to Ottawa," as to the best collection of our mental productions; or some much occupied citizen here, (in Montreal,) may interpose with, "patience, friend, we are building our city." I know the city must be built, and I hope it will be wisely and well built; I know the country must be governed, and I trust it will be well and wisely governed; but it can neither hinder the growth of the city, nor distract the councils of the country, to consider now, on the eve of our first Dominion

Parliament, with what intellectual forces and appliances, with what quantity and kind of mental common stock, we are about to set up for ourselves, a distinct national existence in North America.

All political observers are, I believe, now agreed that all the forces of a nation may be classed under the three heads, of moral, mental, and physical force. It needs no argument to prove, that in this reading and writing age; "the age of the press" as it has been called, power must be wherever true intelligence is, and where most intelligence, most power. If England conquers India by intellect and bravery, she can retain it only at the price of re-educating India; if a Czar Peter and a Czarina Catherine, add vast realms to the Russian Empire, they too, must send out the schoolmasters to put up the fences, and break in the wild cattle they have caught; if a United States reaches the rank of first powers, it must at the same time, send its best writers as ambassadors of its interior civilization. To this end Benjamin Franklin, Irving, Everett, Paulding, Bancroft, Motley and Marsh, have been selected with the true instinct of mental independence, to represent the new country at the old courts of Christendom; while Payne, Goodrich, Hawthorne, Mitchell, and other literary men, have filled important consular offices, by the dictation of the same sentiment, of intellectual self-assertion. Regarding the New Dominion as an incipient new Nation, it seems to me, that our mental self-reliance is an essential condition of our political independence; I do not mean a state of public mind, puffed up on small things; an exaggerated opinion of ourselves and a barbarian depreciation of foreigners; a controversial state of mind; or a merely imitative apish civilization. I mean a mental condition, thoughtful and true; national in its preferences, but catholic in its sympathies; gravitating inward, not outward; ready to learn from every other people on one sole condition, that the lesson when learned, has been worth acquiring. In short, we should desire to see, Gentlemen, our new national character distinguished by a manly modesty as much as by

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mental independence; by the conscientious exercise of the critical faculties, as well as by the zeal of the inquirer.

"Patience, friend, we are building our city!" With all my heart—build away. God speed the trowel and the plumb-line, as well as the loom, the plow and the anvil. But dream not, my dear neighbour, that great cities are built chiefly by stone masons. Let me give you an illustration of the contrary fact. Take Boston and Montreal, for example, in their actual relations. Boston has some advantages in size and wealth, but it has another and a nobler sort of superiority; it is the vicinage of native poets like Longfellow and Lowell; of orators like Wendell Phillips; of a sort of Leipsic commerce in books, if not the largest in quantity, the most valuable in quality, of any carried on in the New World. Take a thousand of the most intelligent of our citizens, and you will find that Boston books and Boston utterances sway the minds of one-half of them; while Montreal is, I fear, absolutely unknown and unfelt, as an intellectual community in Boston and elsewhere. Far be it from me to disparage our own city: I cordially concur in the honest pride of every inhabitant, in the strong masonry and fine style of our new edifices; but if "stone walls do not a prison make," still less do they make a capital—a ruling city—a seat of light and guidance, and authority, to a nation or a generation. When the Parliamentary buildings were finished at Ottawa, one of the first problems was to regulate the heating apparatus, in short, to make them habitable for half the year; and this precisely is the problem with us in relation to another and equally necessary kind of plenishing and furnishing, for town and country. It remains for us to learn whether we have the internal heat and light, to stand alone, and go alone—as go we must, either alone or with a master, leading us by the hand.

Our next census—in 1870—will find us over 4,000,000 of souls; educationally, as far as rudimental learning goes, as well advanced as "the most favoured nations" in that respect.

I am indebted to Mr. Griffin, Deputy-Postmaster-General, for valuable evidence, not only of the quantity of reading and writing matter distributed by post in Ontario and Quebec during the present year, but also during the last few years. Mr. Griffin sends me these figures as to the letters and newspapers circulated through the former Upper and Lower Canada offices from 1863 to 1867, inclusive:

	Letters.	Newspapers.
1863.....	11,000,000	12,500,000
1864.....	11,500,000	12,500,000
1865.....	12,200,000	11,800,000
1866.....	13,000,000	12,800,000
1867.....	14,200,000	14,000,000*

As to 1865-6, "I think it probable," says Mr. Griffin, "that the Postmasters were not as accurate in their returns, as they should have

been." The same gentleman adds that "of the fourteen millions of papers circulating this year about eight millions are Canadian, going direct to subscribers from the offices of publication, and the other six millions are made up of United States and European papers coming into the country. Of the letters there were above ten millions domestic and four millions foreign." We are by this showing, or ought to be, a reading people; and if a reading, why not also a reflective people? Do we master what we read? Or does our reading master us? Questions surely, not untimely to be asked, and so far as possible by one man to be answered.

Our reading supplies are, as you know, drawn chiefly from two sources; first, books, which are imported from the United States England, and, France—a foreign supply likely long to continue foreign. The second source is our newspaper literature, chiefly supplied, as we have seen, from among ourselves, but largely supplemented by American and English journals.

I shall not be accused of flattering any one when I say that I consider our press tolerably free from the license which too often degrades and enfeebles the authority of the free press of the United States. Ours is chiefly to blame for the provincial narrowness of its views; for its localism and egotism; for the absence of a large and generous catholicity of spirit, both in the selection of its subjects and their treatment; for a rather servile dependence for its opinions of foreign affairs, on the leading newspapers of New York and London. Moreover there is sometimes an exaggerated pretentiousness of shop superiority, with which the public are troubled more than enough; for it is a truth, however able editors may overlook it, that the much-enduring reader does not, in nine cases out of ten, care one jack-straw for what this editor thinks about that one, or whether our contemporary round the corner has or has not resorted to this or t'other sharp practice in order to obtain a paragraph of exclusive intelligence. The reading public cordially wish all able editors better subjects than each others faults or foibles; and the fewer professional personalities one finds in his newspaper, the better he likes it, in the long run.

This newspaper literature forms by much the largest part of all our reading. There are in the four United Provinces about one hundred and thirty journals, of which thirty at least are published daily. Of the total number of habitual readers it is not possible to form a close estimate, but they are probably represented by one-half of the male adults of the population—say 400,000 souls. However ephemeral the form of the literature read by so many may be, the effect must be lasting; and men of one newspaper, especially, are pretty much what their favourite editors make them. The responsibility of the editor is, therefore, in the precise proportion to the number and confidence of

\* The close approximation of the two sets of figures is very remarkable.

his readers. If they are 500, or 5,000, or 50,000, so is the moral responsibility multiplied upon him. He stands to hundreds or thousands, in a relation as intimate as that of the physician to his patient, or the lawyer to his client; and only in a degree less sacred, than that of the pastor to his people. He is their harbinger of light, their counsellor, their director; it is for him to build up the gaps in their educational training; to cut away the prejudices; to enlarge the sympathies; to make of his readers men, honest and brave, lovers of truth and lovers of justice. Modern society does not afford educated men any position, short of the pulpit and the altar, more honorable, more powerful for good or evil, and more heavily responsible to society. The editorial character as we now know it, is not above a century old; that length of time ago, correspondents addressed the publisher or printer, but never the editor. Original views on events and affairs were in those days usually given to the press in pamphlet form—of which subdivision in literature England alone has produced enough to fill many libraries. This pamphlet literature is now for the most part a dead letter; as ephemeral as old newspapers; unless when falling into the hands of men like Swift, Addison, Johnson and Burke, the publication of a day in dealing with great principles and great characters, rose to the dignity and authority of a classic. There is no insuperable obstacle in the case, to prevent our newspaper writing undergoing a similar improvement. The best English and American journals are now written in a style not inferior in finish to the best books, and though ours is the limited patronage of a Province, it is not unreasonable that in our principal cities we should look for a high-toned, thoughtful, and scholarly newspaper style of writing. In the Australian colonies, where, by sheer force of distance, much smaller communities than ours are thrown more on their own mental resources, they produce newspapers in all respects, superior; and even when they do borrow from their antipodean exchanges, they borrow only the best extracts. With us the scissors does much, and does well; but I would say with profound deference to the editorial scissors, to spare us, on all occasions, what passes for Irish anecdote across the border; and especially to avoid naturalizing amongst us, those discourses or narrations which are disfigured by blasphemous perversions, and parodies of the Sacred Scriptures. Such writings are too frequent in an inferior class of American prints; they are bad enough in their authors; worse still in their copyists in Canada. But while we ask for a higher style of newspaper, we must not forget, that the Public also have their duties towards the press. My neighbour Goodfellow says with a self-gratified groan of resignation—"I take in ten or twelve papers a week—French and English,—of all sides and shades in politics and religion." Well I say to my neighbour, "Don't take them. This miscellaneous rabble

"of notions poured into your hopper every week, is neither good for you, nor for any one else. If there should be a good or a better among them stick to that; take two or three copies of what you think the best paper; one for some other Goodfellow at New York, or Glasgow, or Melbourne, but don't din and deaden yourself with the clamour of so many contradictory commentators, on mere events of the day." If he took this advice my neighbour might escape much mental dissipation arising from too freely mixing his newspapers; he would probably acquire instead a certain stability of thought on public matters; his influence as a patron of the press, would be felt; and what he sent abroad would probably bring some credit to the country.

While on this topic I may observe that there is a Press Association—hitherto flourishing chiefly in Ontario—which it may be hoped will be extended to the whole Dominion. In this Association the public are more interested than they are aware of. It is a first attempt long required, to extend the laws of personal courtesy and good faith to this all powerful fraternity. If it succeeds it will be no longer possible for a man to utter behind a printing press, to a thousand or ten thousand readers, what he dare not take the personal responsibility of stating in a private room, or anywhere else. If it succeeds it abridges the privileges of scoundrelism, but it elevates the reputation of the whole class. It will go far in placing the editors on the same professional plane with the Faculty and the Bar, and by enforcing on their own profession their own laws, will obviate the intervention of the civil power, always to be regretted, even when rendered unavoidable, in relation to the press.

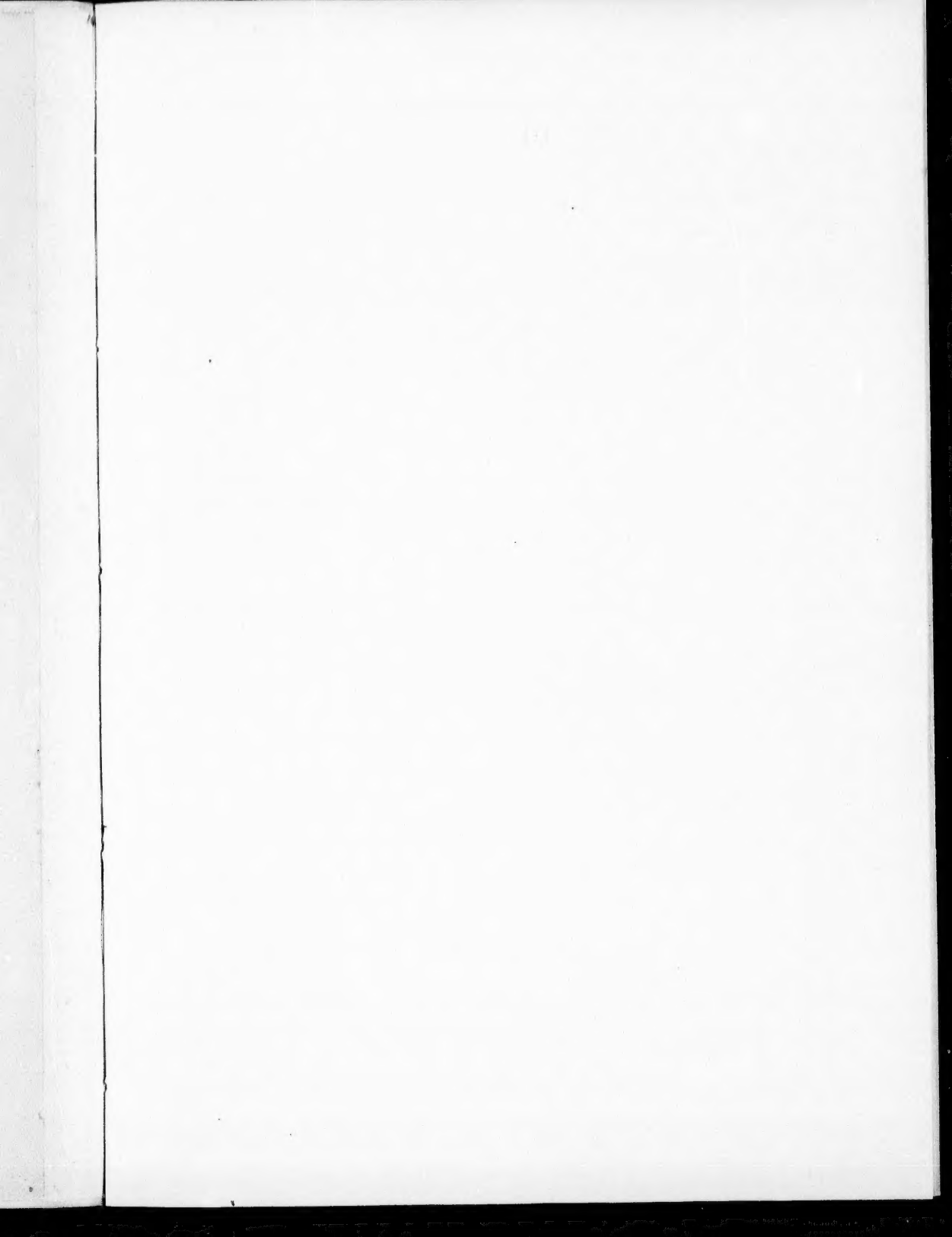
As to the other branch of supply, I believe our booksellers have nothing to complain of. The sale of books is on the increase, though not at all so largely as the sale of newspapers. Our books are mainly English, or American reprints of English originals. In point of price the editions are not so far apart as they were on the other side of the Civil War. As to the classes of books most in request, I have been informed by one of our members well informed on the matter, that the sales may be divided somewhat in these proportions; religious books, 18 per cent; poetical works, 10 per cent; books on historical, scientific and literary subjects, 28 per cent; and works of fiction 44 per cent. My obliging informant, (Mr. Samuel Dawson) adds in relation to the comparative money value of the several classes of books most in demand, that the historical, literary and scientific works would represent about 45 per cent, the works of fiction 22, the poetical 15, and the religious 18 per cent of the whole. We thus have this striking result, that whereas the works of fiction are in volume, nearly one-half of all the reading done among us, in cost they come to less than one-fourth what is expended for other and better books. An accu-

rate analysis of these books would be a valuable index to what it much concerns us to know, whether *Thomas A. Kempis* is still the book most read next to the Bible. How many of Shakespeare, and how many of Tupper go the hundred; whether the *Pilgrims' Progress* is brought chiefly as a child's book, and whether Keble's "Christian Year" sells as well or better than *Don Juan*? "The demand for novels" says my informant, "is not nearly so great as it was," and this he traces to the growing preference for newspapers and periodicals, containing serial stories and romances in chapters. On the general subject of reading fictitious works, I hold by a middle opinion. I hold that a bad novel is a bad thing, and a good one a good thing. That we have many bad novels, ushered from the press every day is a lamentable fact; books just as vile and flagitious in spirit as any of Mrs. Behns abominations of a former century. The very facility with which these books are got together by their authors, might itself be taken as evidence of their worthlessness, for what mortal genius ever threw off works of thought or of art worthy of the name with such steam-engine rapidity? It is true Lopez de Vega could compose a comedy at a sitting, and Lafontaine, after writing 150 sentimental stories, was obliged to restrain himself to two days' writing in the week, otherwise he would have drowned out his publisher. But you know what has been said of "easy writing" generally. For my own part, though no enemy to a good novel, I feel that I would fail of my duty if I did not raise a warning voice against the promiscuous and exclusive reading of sensational and sensual books, many of them written by women, who are the disgrace of their sex, and read with avidity by those who want only the opportunity equally to disgrace it. We must battle bad books with good books. As our young people in this material age will hunger and thirst for romantic relations, there is no better corrective for an excess of imaginative reading than the actual lives and books of travel of such men as Hodson, Burton, Speke, Kane, Du Chaillu, Hue, and Livingstone. These books lead us through strange scenes, among strange people, are full of genuine romance, proving the aphorism, "truth is stranger—stranger than fiction." But these are books which enlarge our sympathies, and do not pervert them; which excite our curiosity, and satisfy it, but not at the expense of morals; which give certainty and population to the geographical and historical dreams of our youthful days; which build up the gaps and spaces in our knowledge with new truths, certain to harmonize speedily with all old truth,—instead of filling our memories with vain, or perplexing, or atrocious images, as the common run of novelists are every day doing. Then, there is always as a corrective to diseased imaginations the Book of books itself—the Bible. I do not speak of its perusal as a religious duty incumbent on all Christians; it is not my place to

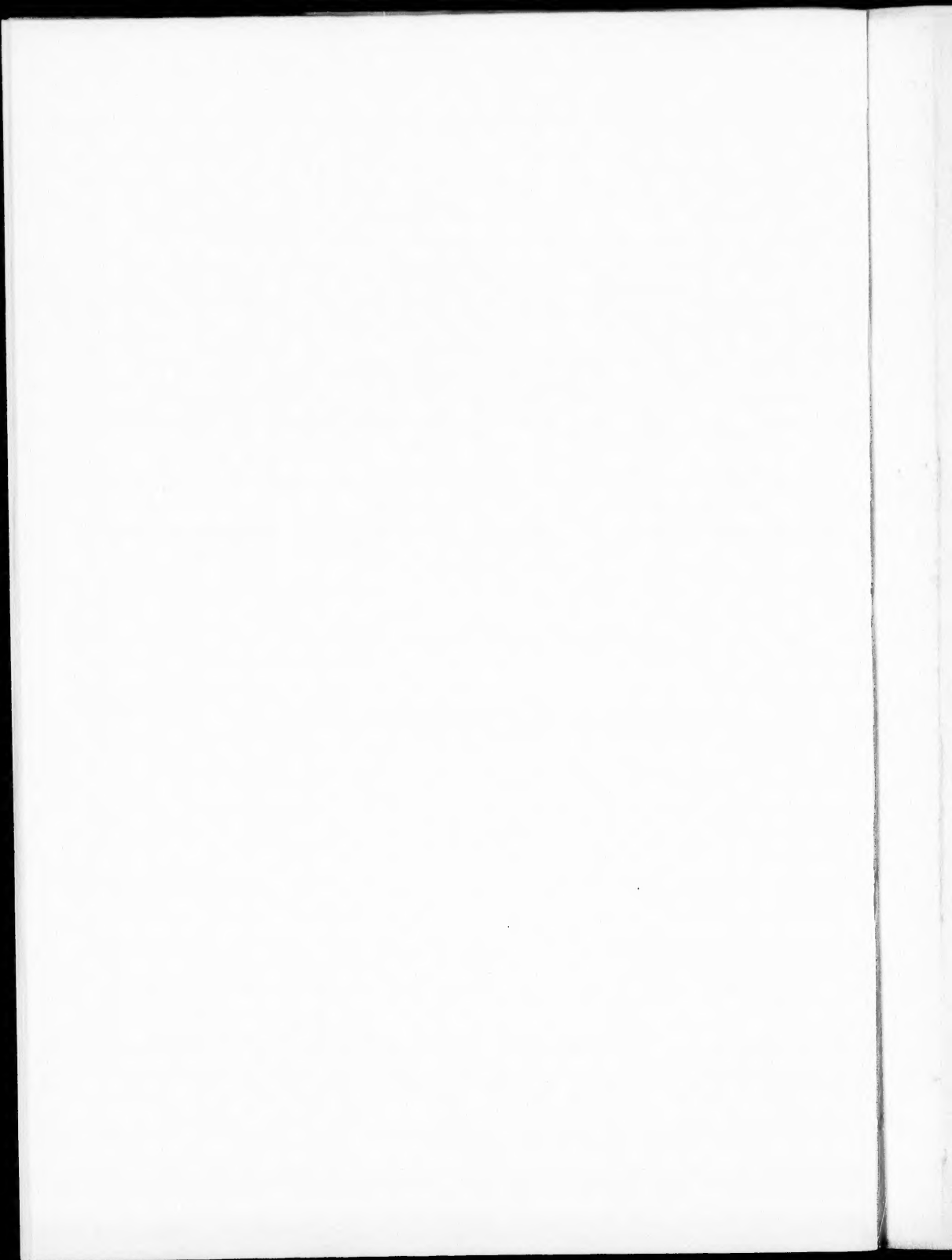
inculcate religious duties; but I speak of it here as a family book mainly; and I say that it is well for our new Dominion that within the reach of every one, who has learned to read, lies this one book, the rarest and most unequalled as to matter, the cheapest of books as to cost, the most readable as to arrangement. If we wish our younger generation to catch the inspiration of the highest eloquence, where else will they find it? If we wish to teach them lessons of patriotism, can we show it to them under nobler forms than in the maiden deliverer who smote the tyrant in the valley of Bethulia? or in the grief of Esdras as he poured the foreign king his wine at Susa? or in the sadness beyond the solace of song, which bowed down the exiles by the waters of Babylon? Every species of composition, and the highest kind in each species, is found in these wondrous two Testaments. We have the epic of Job; the idyl of Ruth; the elegies of Jeremias; the didactics of Solomon; the sacred song of David; the sermons of the greater and lesser Prophets; the legislation of Moses; the parables of the Gospel; the travels of St. Paul; the first chapters of the history of the Church. Not only as the spiritual corrective of all vicious reading, but as the highest of histories, the truest of philosophies, and the most eloquent utterance of human organs, the Bible should be read for the young and by the young, at all convenient seasons.

As to other correctives, I do not advocate a domestic spy system on our young people; but if one knew that a young friend or relative was acquiring a diseased appetite for opium-eating, would we not interfere in some way? And this danger to the mind is not less poisonous than that other drug to the body. "The woman that hesitates," says the proverb, "is lost;" as truly might it be said, "the woman who hides her book is lost." And in this respect, though Society allows a looser latitude to men, it is doubtful if Reason does; it is very doubtful that any mind, male or female, ever wholly recovers from the influence on character, of even one bad book, fascinatingly written.

Mention must be made, Gentlemen, of those institutions of learning and those learned professional classes which ought, and doubtless do, leaven the whole lump of our material progress. We have already twelve Universities in the Dominion—perhaps more than enough, though dispersed at such long distances; from Windsor and Fredericton to Cobourg and Toronto. The charters of these institutions, up to the close of the last decade, were Royal charters, granted directly by the Crown with the concurrence, of course, of the Colonial authorities for the time being. In the order of time they range thus: King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, 1802; McGill College, Montreal, chartered in 1821, actually commenced only in 1829; King's College, Fredericton, 1823; Laval, 1852; Lennoxville, 1853; St. Mary's, Montreal, 1859; Queen's College, Kingston, 1841; Vic-







toria College, Cobourg, 1841; Trinity College, (formerly King's), Toronto, 1842; Toronto University, 1860; Ottawa, 1866; Regiopolis, 1866. All these institutions possess and exercise University powers in granting degrees both to graduates and "*honoris causa*;" though some of them have never had organized classes in more than two faculties—Divinity and Arts; Nova Scotia has, I believe, no native Medical school; New Brunswick, I believe, is in a similar position; and some of our Ontario and Quebec Universities have been always deficient in one or other of the four faculties. In the ancient sense, therefore, of an University being the seat of universal knowledge, we have no such institution; but it cannot be supposed for a moment that the existence, at twelve different points of our territory, of classes even in the single faculty of Arts, is not, in itself, a cause of thankfulness. We might have had a higher standard, with fewer institutions, could we have agreed upon the same curriculum of studies for all our youth; but, taking them as they are, those institutions which have had a reasonable time to do it, *have* work to show for their time. We have not had, except in the case of McGill alone, large bequests from private persons, as they have had in the United States and in England, and as it is to be hoped we may have, as we increase in wealth and public spirit. Most of our Industrial and Classical Colleges (of which we have some ten or twelve in this Province of Quebec alone) owe their origin to some such private acts of beneficence; but the number of scholarships founded by wealthy individuals, who have made large fortunes in this country, might, I fear, be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. It were perhaps to be wished that this whole subject of superior education had remained in some sort subject to Federal care and superintendence, under a Federal Minister of Education, capable and devoted to the task. But the honourable rivalries of local administrations may be trusted as preventatives against stagnation and exclusiveness. If many Swiss Cantons and third-rate German States are able to sustain famous Universities, unbacked by high political patronage, we may hope that, in this matter, Ontario, and Quebec, and Acadia, may be found capable of doing likewise.

Of the learned professions which represent in the world to a large extent these native colleges and universities, there are probably in the Dominion about 3,000 clergymen, 2,500 medical men, and perhaps (this is a guess) from 500 to 600 lawyers; say, apart from collegiate professors and political personages, 6,000 essentially "educated men." The special acquirements of this large body of men, in languages, laws, history, dialectics, chemistry, and *belles lettres*, ought surely not be confined solely within the rigid limits of professional occupation; but ought, at least occasionally, flow out in secular channels for the benefit of lay societies, and the general elevation of the public taste?

Of the medical literature of the Dominion, I am wholly incapable of forming an opinion; and with the literature of law, if we have of late years produced any, I am unacquainted. But even to one standing apart from both these highly privileged professions, in other countries so distinguished for their general as well as special attainments, it must be apparent that there is a much more vivid intellectual life among the Faculty, than among members of the Bar.

Of public libraries, I grieve to say that we have not so far as I know, a single one, in the whole Dominion. There is a Society Library, containing some good books, at Quebec; there are, of course, college libraries, more or less incomplete; there are law libraries at Osgoode Hall, and elsewhere; there is our own excellent Parliamentary Library (some 60,000 chosen volumes) at Ottawa; but no public library in any of our chief towns. To Montreal I certainly must always consider this a shameful reproach; but I have spoken so often of it elsewhere, that I shall not dwell upon it again, at present.

In enumerating specially educated classes I should not have omitted that very considerable body of architects, engineers, and surveyors, who take rank naturally with the learned professions. And in this sequence, I may be allowed, perhaps, to refer to the subject of a School of Design in our own city. When abroad in the early portion of this year, I had some conversation on this subject with Mr. Henry Cole, Secretary of the South Kensington Institution, to whose assistance local schools of design in the United Kingdom are so much indebted, and although I found that the directors at Kensington had no authority to go outside the British Islands, still I have reason to believe, that if we once had such a school here, we would get every facility that Provincial towns at home have in obtaining their models and supplies through the metropolitan institution.

From all these sources—our numerous reading class—our colleges—our learned professions—we ought to be able to give a good account of the mental outfit of the new Dominion. Well, then, for one of those expected to say what he thinks in these matters, I must give it as my opinion that we have as yet but few possessions in this sort that we can call strictly our own. We have not produced in our Colonial era any thinker of the reputation of Jonathan Edwards or Benjamin Franklin; nor any native poet of the rank of Garsilaso de la Vega—the Spanish American. The only sustained poems we have of which the scenes are laid within the Dominion are both by Americans, Longfellow's "*Evangeline*," and Mr. Street's "*Frontenac*"—the latter much less read than it deserves. One original humorist we have had, hardly of the highest order, however, in the late Judge Haliburton; one historian of an undoubtedly high order, in the late Mr. Garneau; one geo-



logist, Sir William Logan; but, as yet, no poet, no orator, no critic, of either American or European reputation. About a century ago an eminent French writer raised a doubt as to whether any German could be a literary man. Not, indeed, to answer that doubt but from a combination of many causes, arose as a golden cloud, that gifted succession of poets, critics and scholars, whose works have placed the German language in the vanguard of every department of human thought. Forty years ago a British Quarterly Review asked, "Who reads an American book?" Irving had answered that long ago; but Cooper, Longfellow, Emerson, Prescott, Hawthorne, and many another, has answered the taunt triumphantly since. Those Americans might, in turn, taunt us to-day with "Who reads a Canadian book?" I should answer frankly, very few, for Canadian books are exceedingly scarce. Still we are not entirely destitute of resident writers. Dr. Dawson has given the world a work on his favourite science, which has established his name as an authority; Dr. Daniel Wilson's speculations and researches on Pre-historic Man have received the approval of high names; Mr. Alpheus Todd has given us a masterly original treatise on Parliamentary Government, which will be read and quoted wherever there is constitutional government in the world; Mr. Fennings Taylor has given us an excellent series of sketches, on contemporary Canadians; Heavysege, Sangster and McLachlin are not without honour among poets. An amiable friend of mine, Mr. J. LeMoine, of Quebec, has given to the world many *Maple Leaves* worthy of all praise—the only thoroughly Canadian book, in point of subject, which has appeared of late days, and for which, I am ashamed to say, the author has not received that encouragement his labours deserve. If he were not an enthusiast he might well have become a misanthrope, as to native literature, at least. Another most deserving man in a different walk—a younger man, but a man of untired industry and very laudable ambition—Mr. Henry J. Morgan, now of Ottawa, announces a new book of reference, the *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, which I trust will repay him for the enormous labour of such a compilation. These are, it is true, but streaks on the horizon, yet even as we watch others may arise; but be they more or less, I trust every such book will be received by our public less censoriously than is sometimes the case; that if a native book should lack the finish of a foreign one, as a novice may well be less expert than an old hand, yet if the book be honestly designed, and conscientiously worked up, the author shall be encouraged, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of the better things which we look forward to with hopefulness. I make this plea on behalf of those who venture upon authorship among us, because I believe the existence of a recognized literary class will by and by be felt as a state and social necessity. The books that are made elsewhere, even

in England, are not always the best fitted for us; they do not always run on the same mental gauge, nor connect with our trains of thought: they do not take us up at the bye stages of cultivation at which we have arrived, and where we are emptied forth as on a barren, pathless, habitationless heath. They are books of another state of society, bearing traces of controversies, or directed against errors or evils, which for us hardly exist, except in the pages of these exotic books. Observe, I do not object to such books, especially when truthfully written; but it seems to me we do much need several other books, calculated to our own meridian, and hitting home our own society, either where it is sluggish, or priggish, or wholly defective in its present style of culture.

If English made books do not mortice closely with our Colonial deficiencies, still less do American national books. I speak not here of such literary universalists as Irving, Emerson, and Longfellow; but of such American nationalists as Hawthorne, Bancroft, Brownson, Draper, and their latter prose writers generally. Within the last few years, especially since the era of the civil war, there has been a craving desire to assert the mental independence of America as against England; to infuse an American philosophy of life, and philosophy of government, into every American writing and work of art. Mr. Bancroft's oration on the death of Mr. Lincoln was an example of this new spirit; and Dr. Draper's "Civil Policy of America" affords another illustration. It is a natural ambition for them to endeavour to Americanize their literature more and more; all nations have felt the same ambition, earlier or later; so Rome wearied of borrowing from the Greeks, and so Germany revolted a century ago, against French philosophy, French romances and a Frenchified drama; so the sceptre of mind passed for a time from Berlin to Weimar, and of late only by annexation has it gone back to Berlin. No one complains of this revolution. As long as justice, and courtesy, and magnanimity are not sacrificed to an intolerent nationalism, the growth of new literary States must be to the increase of the universal literary republic. But when nationalism stunts the growth, and embitters the generous spirit which alone can produce generous and enduring fruits of literature, then it becomes a curse, rather than a gain to the people, among whom it may find favor; and to every other people who may have relations with such a bigoted, one-sided nationality.

It is quite clear to me, that if we are to succeed with our new-Dominion, it can never be by accepting a ready-made-easy literature, which assumes Bostonian culture to be the worship of the future, and the American democratic system to be the manifestly destined form of government for all the civilized world, new as well as old. While one can see well enough that mental culture must become more and more to many classes what religion alone once was to

all our ancestors in individual and family government—while the onward march of political democracy is a fact equally apparent—it is by no means clear to myself, for one, that religion will wield diminished power in the presence of a genuine, modest, deep-seated culture; or, that the aristocratic inequalities inherent in men from their mothers' womb will not assert themselves successfully in any really free State. In other words, I rely upon Nature and Revelation against levelling and system-mongering of the American, or any other kind. In Nature and in Revelation we should lay the basis of our political, moral and mental philosophy as a people; and once so laid, those foundations will stand as firmly set and rooted, as any rocks in the Huronian or Laurentian range.

It is usual to say of ourselves, Gentlemen, that we are entering on a new era. It may be so, or it may be only the mirage of an era painted on an exhalation of self-opinion. Such eras, however, have come for other civilized States, why not for us also? There came for Germany the Swabian era, the era of Luther, and the era of Goethe; for modern Italy the age of Leo X; for France the age of Louis XIV. In our own history there have been an Elizabethan and a Georgian era; and, perhaps, there is at hand an American era, in ideas, in manners, and in politics. How far we, who are to represent British ethics and British culture in America—we, whose new Constitution solemnly proclaims "the well understood principles of the British Constitution;" how far we are to make this probable next era our own—either by adhesion or resistance—is what, Gentlemen, we must all determine for ourselves, and so far forth, for the Dominion.

I shall venture in concluding this merely preliminary paper, to address myself directly to the educated young men of Canada, as it now exists. I invite them, as a true friend, not to shrink from confronting the great problems presented by America to the world, whether in morals or in government. I propose to them that they should hold their own, on their own soil, sacrificing nothing of their originality; but rejecting nothing, nor yet accepting anything, merely because it comes out of an older, or richer, or greater country. That it should always remain a greater country is partly for us, also, to determine; for, at least to our notions, ancient Greece was a greater country than the Persian empire, as at this day, England proper may be considered a greater country than Russia. But North America is emerging; and why not our one-third of the North rise to an equal, even if an opposing altitude, with the land continuous? Why not? I see no reason, why not? What we need are the three levers—moral power, mental power, and physical power. We know tolerably well what our physical resources are, and by that knowledge we are cheered on; questions of purely moral strength or weakness we may leave to their

appointed professors, the reverend clergy; of our existing mental ways and means, I have given a rapid *resumé*.

To supply a list of our deficiencies, I have not undertaken. Yet, as the object of all intellectual pursuits, worthy of the name, is the attainment of *Truth*; as this is the sacred Temple to be built or re-built; as this is the Ithaca of every Ulysses really wise; I venture humbly to suggest that we need more active conscientiousness in our choice of books and periodicals, for ourselves and for our young people; that the reading acquirement which moves, and embraces and modifies, every faculty of our immortal souls, is too fearful an agent to be employed capriciously, or wantonly, much less wickedly, to the peril of interests which will not be covered up forever, by the Sexton's last shovel of church-yard clay. I venture to suggest that we should look abroad, and see with the aid of this all powerful agent or acquirement, what other nations are doing as intellectual forces in the world; not limiting our vision to America or England, or France, but extending eager, honest inquirers, beyond the Rhine, and beyond the Alps. From Germany the export of ideas, systems, and standards of philosophy, criticism, and belief, has not yet ceased; and from re-constructed Italy,—so ripe in all intelligence—a new mental kingdom must come forth—if the new political kingdom is to stand. I venture to invite the younger minds of the Dominion to the study of the inner life of other nations, not to inspire them with a weak affectation of imitating foreign models, but rather with a wholesome and hearty zeal for doing something in their own right on their own soil. On a population of four millions we ought to yield in every generation 40 eminent, if not illustrious men; that is to say, one man to every 100,000 souls. And favoured as we are, we should certainly do so, if the cultivation of the mind was pursued with the same zeal as the goods of the body; if wisdom were valued only as highly as mere material wealth, and sought as strenuously, day by day.

I am well convinced that there do exist, in the ample memories, the northern energy, and the quick apprehensiveness of our young men, resources all unwrought, of inestimable value to society. I would beseech of that most important class, therefore, to use their time; to exercise their powers of mind as well as body; to acquire the mental drill and discipline, which will enable them to bear the arms of a civilized state in times of peace, with honor, and advantage. If they will pardon me the liberty I take, I venture to address them an apostrophe of a poet of another country, slightly altered to suit the case of Canada:

"Oh brave young men, our hope, our pride, our promise,

On you our hearts are set,—  
In manliness, in kindness, in justice,  
To make Canada a nation yet!"